

Our Fourfooted Friends and How We Treat Them

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Christmas Number



"SEE ON HIS CRADLE
THE DEWDROPS ARE SHINING,

LOW LIES HIS HEAD
WITH THE BEASTS OF THE STORM."

CHRISTMAS GREETING



The Friendly Beasts

Jesus our brother, strong and good,
Was humbly born in a stable rude,
And the friendly beasts around Him stood.

"I," said the donkey, shaggy and brown,
"I carried His Mother up and down
I carried her safely to Bethlehem Town."

"I," said the cow all white and red,
"I gave Him my manger for His bed;
I gave Him my hay to pillow His head."

"I," said the sheep with the curly horn
"I gave Him my wool for His blanket warm
He wore my coat on Christmas morn."



"I," said the camel, yellow and black,
"Over the desert upon my back,
I brought Him a gift in the Wise Man's pack."

"I," said the dove, "from my rafter high
Cooed Him to sleep that He should not cry.
We cooed Him to sleep, my mate and I."

And every beast by some good spell
In the stable dark was able to tell
Of the gift he gave to Immanuel.

—Author unknown.

Through the Window

Christmas Eve Mary Prince went cheerfully up to her room a little before her usual bedtime. Her mother told her that Santa Clause never came until children had gone to sleep, so she hurried into bed, not even asking to have Spot, her beloved fox terrier, stay with her until she was asleep, when her mama took him down stairs to his bed in the hall.

Spot was so excited that he didn't want to stay upstairs with his little mistress. He knew something unusual was going on in the sitting room, and he wanted to be on hand and help.

In the bay window of the sitting room there was a beautiful tree. A week ago it had lifted its head to the sky. Birds stopped to rest in it on their way South;—but the children must have their Christmas tree and now the life of this little tree was going out in a blaze of candles. Shining red balls were hanging from its boughs, and Mr. and Mrs. Prince were busy twining ropes of silver tinsel and strings of snowy pop corn over the tree from top to bottom.

Spot was sitting on the floor, his eyes shining, his ears cocked up, watching all that was being done. Occasionally a snowy bit fell to the floor from the pop corn string which Spot promptly ate up, wagging his tail joyously.

Now they had come to the bags of candy and the presents.

"Open the window, William," cried Mrs. Prince. "It's altogether too hot in here. No matter if the shades are up. I like to look in windows and see other people's trees, and why shouldn't we let other people look at ours?"

The Prince's house stood almost on the street. There was no fence and no hedge in front of it, only a little strip of grass between the sidewalk and the house. On that strip of grass, just below the bay window, stood a boy of about twelve years. His clothes were shabby; he had no overcoat or mittens and he looked both cold and hungry. Passing by, he was attracted by the tree in the window, the brightly lighted room, the glittering ornaments. He came a little nearer the open window; Spot heard him and growled, but Mr. and Mrs. Prince were so busy in their work that they paid no attention.

"Don't you think this is doing too much for one little girl?" said Mrs. Prince; "it makes me feel guilty when I think of other little girls who, perhaps, will have no Christmas and our dear child has so much! Just see—there are five dolls!"

"Why do you give them all to her?" asked Mr. Prince.

"Her aunties and cousins sent them, and they would feel hurt if she didn't get them," replied Mrs. Prince.

Outside in the cold and darkness, the boy, who was watching, clenched his cold hands and muttered to himself—"Five dolls for one girl and I can't give my little sister even one—and she a cripple!"

"And books," continued Mrs. Prince, "and candy—I can't keep the candy from her and she will surely be sick, so will Spot, for she *will* give it to him, no matter what I say."

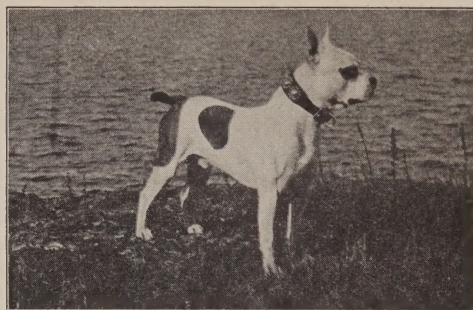
Spot, hearing his name and seeing his mistress fastening a pretty box on the tree, which he was bright enough to recognize as a candy box, immediately stood up on his hind legs and waved his paws in the air beseechingly.

"No, Spot, no candy tonight for you. You'll have more than you ought to have tomorrow," said Mrs. Prince.

The boy outside gave an impatient movement,—"Candy! All the dog wants, and my sister not any," he muttered.

Spot ran to the window and growled again. "I believe there *is* someone outside," said Mrs. Prince. She went to the window and looked out. The boy drew back in the dark.

"Come here and lie down, Spot, or I'll send you



to bed." Mrs. Prince patted the dog, and he lay down obediently.

"Here's another doll," exclaimed Mr. Prince, "but I don't think much of it. It's a rag doll. I thought our Mary was past rag dolls."

"Oh," replied Mrs. Prince laughing. "That doll is Mary's present to Spot. She made it on purpose for him. You know he loves a doll to play with. No—you can't have it now," Mrs. Prince said. "I shall hang it up high on the tree. You'll have it tomorrow, and a nice, new ball, if you're a good dog."

The boy heard, and tears, angry, bitter tears, started in his eyes. "When they go out of the room again to get more presents, I'll climb in the window; it isn't very high up, and I'll get that rag doll for Lettie. It won't be stealing to take it from the dog, and it will be better than nothing."

The boy stood in the dark watching his chance, but when the chance came he did not move. "I *can't*," he muttered, "not even for Lettie! I should always feel so mean if I stole it." He gave one last longing look in the window at the beautiful tree and the many lovely presents. He pressed nearer to the window, and then, suddenly, he heard a growl and a bark right at his heels; Spot, who had been let out the door, seized him, and he cried aloud with fright.

Mr. Prince came running to the rescue. "Hullo—What are you doing here? Why it's only a boy. Spot—Let go!"

"I was just looking in the window at the tree," said the boy, his voice broken with a sob he could not keep back.

By that time Mrs. Prince had come to the window. "Bring the boy in, William. Perhaps we can find a Christmas present for him."

Then the frightened and astonished boy found himself led through the warm, lighted hall into the wonderful room, and Spot, who saw at once that the boy was a friend to dogs, wagged his tail and jumped up on him.

"Are *you* going to have a Christmas tree?" Mr. Prince began to ask. Mrs. Prince looking at the boy's shabby clothes shook her head at her husband and asked, before Henry could speak,—"Have you got little brothers and sisters?"

"I've only got one sister, and she's a cripple. She's in bed most always," the boy replied.

"Have you got anything for her this Christmas?" asked Mrs. Prince, kindly.

"No. I sold some papers today, but mother must have all the money for rent," said Henry. "I was wishing I could buy her a doll, just any kind of a doll, a rag doll would do," he added, gazing wistfully at Spot's doll, now far up on the tree.

"Tell me where you live," said Mr. Prince. "Perhaps Santa Claus will go round to your house. Is your father dead?"

"Yes, sir. Mother goes out to work some days and some days she works at home. She is at home today. She was going to try to make a Christmas pudding for us."

"Have you had any supper?" asked Mrs. Prince.

"No. We've been saving for tomorrow," said Henry.

Mrs. Prince's eyes filled with tears. She asked Henry to stay and look at the tree while she went out in the kitchen. Pretty soon she returned with a market basket. "Take that home for your supper and come here tomorrow morning. You shall have a Christmas doll for your sister."

Although the basket was pretty heavy, Henry ran home. He arrived so out of breath he could only set the basket on the table and utter one word—"Supper—Awfully kind woman. Going there tomorrow, again."

Henry's sister, sitting up in a chair near the stove, opened her large eyes still wider and stretched out a thin hand with a cry of delight as Mrs. Winter took out from the basket some buttered rolls, slices of cheese, a pie, some cookies, oranges and apples. These good things were quickly spread on the table and all three fell to

eating with a great appetite and many expressions of wonder and delight.

Christmas morning brought joy into many homes, but in no home was there greater happiness than in the humble tenement of Mrs. Winter. Mr. and Mrs. Prince both came, accompanied by Spot, in their car, and brought with them a real Christmas box. What did it matter to poor little Lettie if the doll *was* an old one of Mary Prince's, or the books were not new, or the warm soft slippers and other clothes had been worn? Both Mary and her mother wept for joy, and when Henry was promised a warm overcoat and shoes, his cup was overflowing.

Spot danced around the room,—all the better because his box of candy had been given to Lettie,—delighting every one with his tricks, and he seemed all the time to be saying, "I did this! If it hadn't been for *me* you wouldn't have had this happy Christmas," and Spot was quite right.—A. H. S.

Need of Instruction

The difference between children in homes where humane instruction is given, and homes where it is deemed unnecessary was clearly shown when a lady reported that a six-year old boy on her street had swung a kitten around, breaking its back. This was the second kitten he had treated thus. The parents of the child were greatly distressed when seen by the Inspector, and promised a whipping, which seemed to hardly fill the bill. A course of lessons in kindness would be more to the point. Another small urchin appeared recently at headquarters with a kitten in his arms. He explained that "some boys were hurting it," and he had brought it in for protection. It may be heredity, it may be environment, it may be education,—we think it is chiefly education,—but the fact that one small child breaks a kitten's back, and another walks blocks to save one from abuse, seems to indicate that there is an influence in the one life, that is absent from the other.—The Humane Pleader.

A subscription to this paper would make a good Christmas gift.



The Bird's Christmas Tree

It is unfortunate for the birds that they may be suffering from the pangs of extreme hunger, and yet show none of the signs that make starvation evident even to inexperienced eyes.

The miserable condition of a half-starved horse or dog can be seen at a glance by most people, but, in the case of a bird, the victim of hunger may be reduced to the last stage of emaciation, whilst the careless onlooker notices nothing to excite his pity. The empty crop and the little wasted body are concealed by the fluffed-out feathers.

But take the dead bird into your hand (and there are many such to be found during a hard winter or even after a few consecutive days and nights of sharp frost) and you will find that the crop is quite empty; and you will feel the little breast-bone, sharp as a knife, beneath the pretty ruffled plumage. The dead bird is scarcely more than a featherweight when hunger has done its worst.

And why should hunger do its worst in a country such as ours where countless people are wasting daily—by the hands of their servants if not by their own—more food than would sustain the birds through the whole winter? There is waste all round; and waste and want are too often near neighbors.

The birds' bill-of-fare can include many ingredients. Fatty substances come first in food value—fat, bacon, lard, suet, dripping (the fat sold for a few pence a pound as "fat for rendering

down" answers admirably). There is indeed scarcely a fragment that remains over from dining-room, kitchen and larder which cannot be utilized. (Children may well be trained to make a collection after every meal for the hungry birds. The habit conduces to a dislike of waste and to thought for the needs of others.) I remember one bitterly cold winter afternoon during a long frost when the usual supplies had run out, and the slippery state of the roads made sending to shops a mile-and-a-half away difficult, I satisfied, in rather despairing mood, a throng of expectant birds by a raid upon the dog commissariat. Sundry large bowls full of Spratts' "Febrine" dog-biscuits—sufficiently soft but not sodden—mixed with chopped-up cheese, melted lard and the remains of a Christmas plum-pudding answered well as a pot-luck supper. . . .

Nor should the feeding cease as soon as winter is over. In dry inclement seasons when drought or keen east winds have hardened the surface of the earth the birds too often go hungry. Mrs. Brightwen tells of a famished parent bird seeking in vain for food for its nestlings; *and at all seasons when food is given, water should be supplied also.*

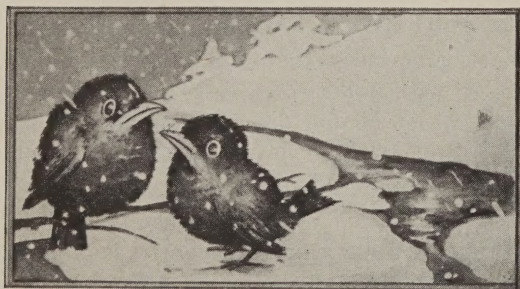
It is well to point out that in addition to food and water those who would befriend the birds must, when possible, provide them with shelter. Not only should trees and shrubs bearing edible berries (such as rowan, elder, hawthorn, privet, &c.) be generously planted, but evergreens of dense growth, underwood, close-set thickets and hedges (which should never be clipped until the nesting time is over) are required for bird-protection. The design of our modern gardens is, in many respects, but a poor exchange for the early Victorian shrubbery arrangement. To compensate the birds for the shelter we have destroyed, we must plant, and plant with judgment.

There is one quite indefensible practice which all just-minded people must condemn. I refer to the stealing of berries—the natural food of the birds—for the decoration of churches and houses. We rob the birds of their berries just at the very season when, as a rule, they begin to suffer most sorely from insufficient nourishment. This custom cannot be defended and is only tolerated by reason of the binding force of habit. We have always used berries for Christmas decoration.

But Christmas seems a strangely inappropriate time for robbing the hungry and helpless among God's creatures. But so it is with us, and still Christmas after Christmas we celebrate the Birthday of the All Pitiful by inflicting injury and by increasing suffering. "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy." . . . "Bother! we have not enough berries to finish the altar-rails. Do see if you cannot find some more before the birds have eaten them. Please go before it is too dark, and if there are very few holly-berries left let us have all the ivy-berries that you can find anywhere. Oh, how cold it is to-night! We are in for a long frost." . . . "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."

If anyone doubts that their plight is frequently desperate, let him turn to the chapter entitled *A Great Frost* in Mr. Hudson's book, *The Land's End*. There will he read, in the faithful graphic description of an eye-witness, of birds within our borders, half frozen and wholly starved going to roost for the last time.

"Our Christmas-Tree is always dressed a second time for the birds; and we keep all the little boxes and baskets replenished with food for many, many weeks. It is a wonderful pleasure and amusement."—Ella Fuller Maitland.



A Christmas Letter

[Issued by the R. S. P. C. A. London, England]

Dear Boys and Girls: Christmas is nearly here, and we are all looking forward to much that will give us pleasure—happy family gatherings, nice presents, cheery greetings, and happy games! But is that all we keep Christmas for? No, surely not! For remember that it commemorates the birthday of Christ—our noblest example of all that stands for mercy, kindness, honesty, love and every other quality which makes a man or



CHILDREN BRINGING DESERTED CATS AND KITTENS
TO THE ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE

woman, boy or girl, true, good and happy. And then, remembering Whose birthday we celebrate, we recall the picture of the Christ child lying in a manger surrounded by the gently patient beasts! Surely, then, if God allowed his dear Son to be surrounded, from the first moment of His birth, by the animals in a stable it must teach us that they are worthy of our friendship, our care and our consideration!

Let us then, especially at Christmas, remember that animals are worthy of being numbered among our friends and companions since, in those far off days, they were the companion of the Christ child in the lowly stable at Bethlehem. Because they are our friends, we must do all we can to make them happy. This we can do at all times, and at such a special season of gladness let us share with them our joy and happiness. You know how a dog for instance can show his happiness and can express his gratitude for kindly attention and also how, alas, too often, he shows his fear of bad treatment! All animals can feel pain. They can also feel pleasure and it is only right—just as we hate giving pain to our human friends—that we should avoid anything which may hurt our animal companions.

Let every living thing, if possible, share in the joys of Christmas! Do something to make it a happy time, at least, for every living thing with which you have anything to do. And by so doing we can all try to make it a season of real

loving-kindness to one and all. Let us be determined that every living being with whom we have anything to do—our human friends and our “lower brethren”—shall all be, somehow, the happier because of what we—you and I—have been able to do for them. You remember that Jesus said, “Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even the least, ye did it unto Me.” (Matt. xxv. 40)



BARRY AND BESSIE. THE RESCUED SHEEP SOON BECAME GOOD FRIENDS WITH THE DOGS AT PINE RIDGE, DEDHAM AND LIVE WITH THEM IN PEACE AND HARMONY

The Christmas Club

In an alley back of a block of respectable tenement houses, a group of children were gathered. They had just come from school and the teacher had talked about Christmas to them in a different way from anything they had ever heard before. Miss Nelson had been in the school only a few months, but the children had already found out that she was an unusual teacher. She did not neglect any of their regular studies, yet she managed to teach her pupils other things beside the lessons they would be examined in. She taught them that it was always better to be kind—kind to each other—kind at home—kind to helpless animals and birds. There was not nearly as much quarrelling in that neighborhood since Miss Nelson was teacher in the school. There were not so many unhappy, crying children, not so many starving and sick cats and dogs in the neighborhood.

Miss Nelson believed that one of the most important lessons a child should learn was to think of others, and that “others” meant every creature that could feel pain, or could be made unhappy.

The little girls in the alley had just come out of school, and they wanted to talk over what Miss Nelson had been saying to them. In the alley were some empty boxes thrown out by a market man, and they seated themselves on these boxes.

“I don’t see anything I can do to make a happy Christmas,” said one. “I never have any money.”

“Teacher said we could make a happy Christmas without money,” said another. “She said happiness is the best present we can give and there were lots of things we could do if we kept thinking all the time that we wanted to give happiness.”

“Yes,” said a third child. “She said begin in the morning and try all day, and we’d be surprised to see what we would find to do, and what a happy Christmas we should have when we were trying to make happiness for others.”

“Say! let’s try it,” cried Maggie Sullivan. “Let’s begin right off as soon as we get up Christmas mornin’ and look for chances.”

Just then Johnnie Sullivan and his friend Joe Carson strolled up to the girls. “What you talking about?” Johnnie asked, roughly. “Contrivin’ some girls’ tricks, I s’pose. You’d better be travellin’ along home, Miss, or mother’ll be after you.”

“’Tisn’t mischief! We’re planning a Happy Christmas,” cried Maggie Sullivan, indignantly.

“Happy Christmas! Ho! Ho! Where’s your money to buy Christmas presents?” cried her brother scornfully.

“We don’t need money,” said serious little Sara Lawson. “Kindness doesn’t cost anything, and we’re going to try to do kind things all day to everyone, and to the cats and dogs and birds—they want a happy Christmas same as we do.”

“We’ll be a ‘Happy Christmas Club,’” said Anna Slocum, a pale, quiet girl who had not spoken before.

“Good! Good!” cried the enthusiastic Mag-

gie. "That's what we'll be—a 'Happy Christmas Club!' You boys may join if you want to."

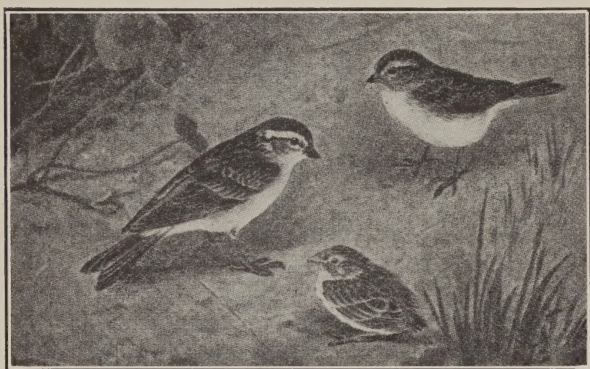
"Happy Christmas Club!" the girls cried out. "We'll all join, and we'll tell Teacher what we've done after Christmas."

"We must have another meeting tomorrow, and plan what we will do," said Sara. And all the girls agreed.

"We'll think about it," said the boys.

The "Happy Christmas Club" had five meetings before Christmas day. The Club numbered six girls and two boys, and this is what happened.

Before Christmas they collected from their own homes and from neighbors, eight boxes of



bread crumbs. They went to a little old cemetery back of a neighboring church and sprinkled the crumbs in the paths early Christmas morning, and before they left they saw a flock of hungry sparrows and pigeons fly down from the trees and pick up the crumbs.

But this was not the beginning. They began on Christmas Eve to carry out their plans for a Happy Christmas. They told the market men what they were doing, and the market men laughed, but they were very ready to help them. When the market closed, the Club was waiting and they got two large baskets full of bones and bits of meat and fish. They carried these pieces in the evening to a vacant yard and to corners of the alley where they knew homeless and starving cats, and sometimes a stray dog, had been seen after dark, searching for food, and for shelter in the empty boxes that had been thrown out.

When they visited these places early Christmas morning, the pieces were all gone, only a few bones remained. While they were watching, a

thin, wretched looking kitten crept out of a box where she had hidden herself, and seized a bone as if she were starving.

"Oh, let's catch her!" cried Maggie Sullivan. "I want her! I'm sure mother will let me have her. Don't frighten her!"

Maggie held out her hand with a piece of bread and called so kindly to the kitten that she came up to her to be fed. The other members of the Club kept away from her until Maggie took her in her arms, then they all wanted to stroke and to pet her just as if they had never seen a kitten before, and the kitten made them happy with the loud purring, by which she showed her gratitude.

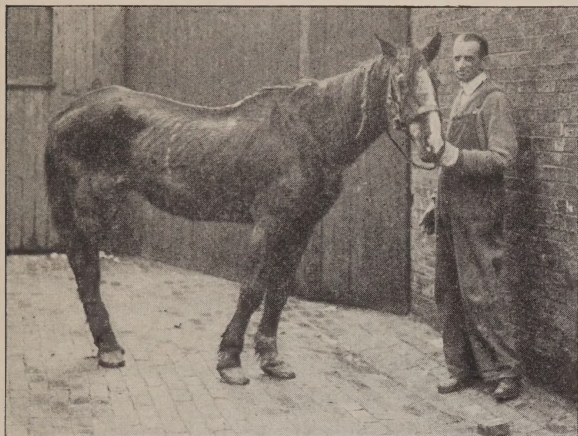
"It's my Christmas kitten," said Maggie. "I am going to carry it home."

The boys, not to be outdone by the girls, had been consulting what they could do as soon as they decided to join the Club.

"There's an old stable down this street where a pedlar keeps his horse and I know that horse isn't half fed. Let's see if we can't get up a Christmas dinner for him," said Johnnie Sullivan. "He looks so hungry every day, I pity him, and he's lame, too."

"All right," answered Joe Carson. "Let's think of something. I'm pretty sure Mr. Green, the man my brother works for, would give us some oats."





"Let's go and ask your brother now," said Johnnie.

Mr. Green himself was in the grocery store when the boys went in to see Joe Carson's brother, and they talked so loudly, and so eagerly, that he got the whole story before they knew it.

"What's this?" he asked them. "A Happy Christmas Club? Well! that is a new idea. What do you want *me* to do?"

When the boys told him about the poor horse, and how the girls were going to feed the birds, and the hungry cats and dogs, and how they wanted to feed the horse, Mr. Green looked much interested.

"I'm glad to help you, boys. It is a good day when you young people think about *giving* as well as *getting*. I know that pedlar and his old horse, and have often thought I ought to do something about it. I'll give you the oats and some hay, and an old blanket for the horse if he hasn't got any; but you must go and see the man and tell him that you pity the horse and want to give him a happy Christmas. Of course you can't feed him *too* much all at once, because a horse isn't like men who stuff themselves with rich food on holidays and lie round and doze and smoke. A horse must not stuff himself—but it is safe to give him a much better dinner than he usually gets—which isn't dinner at all—and you can tell the man you want to look after him all Holiday week—that may give the man a good lesson, and give the horse a start."

"That's just what we'll do if you will help us,"

answered Johnnie, his eyes shining with excitement; for Johnnie had now entered into the spirit of the Club and was one of its most zealous members.

It was a very much astonished pedlar who listened to Johnnie and Joe when they went to the miserable building, he called a stable, the day before Christmas and asked permission to give his horse a "happy Christmas." A horse was nothing more than a machine to him—something to drag his wagon—and he never thought of trying to make the horse happy. He never thought about Christmas. The day was nothing to him. The boys put a new idea in his head. If the boys hadn't mentioned the name of Mr. Green, the prosperous grocer on the next street, he would have turned them away, but as it was, he did not dare to; so he said, "All right—come and feed him if you want to."

Then the boys went to work. They cleaned out the dirty stall and put some bedding in it. They made plans to persuade the indifferent owner to let them knock out a partition and give the horse plenty of room to lie down. They groomed the horse, rubbing him down until his dirty, rough coat shone, and the pedlar, who had strolled into the barn to watch them, was amazed. They mixed a warm mash for the horse's supper, just as Mr. Green had told them, and went away leaving a comfortable, happy horse, and an astonished man behind them.

"We're coming back about nine o'clock to-night to give him water and to put some hay in his manger, and we'll be on hand early to give him a Christmas breakfast," said the boys. Then they went whistling merrily down the street.

When they reported to the girls what they had done, they got great praise. The girls also had a good report. They had not been idle, for each one of them had been helping their mothers in their homes, so well and so cheerfully that their mothers did not know what had come over them.

More than that, they had talked over their neighbors and made plans to go and visit a girl about their age, who had been kept in the house by a badly sprained ankle. They knew that her

father was out of work and her mother had a baby to take care of. They each took some little thing from their own scanty possessions; one contributed a story book; another, a pretty box filled with candy and nuts; another, a handkerchief someone had given her for a Christmas present; and another, a puzzle. They asked other girls they knew, and each girl they asked found a pretty Christmas card or some other remembrance for the invalid.

It would be impossible to describe the happiness these simple little gifts gave, not only to the shut-in girl but to her mother. They shed tears of joy.

"How good you are!" Mrs. Tole cried. "My poor little girl wouldn't have had any Christmas at all if it hadn't been for you. How *did* you ever think of making her so happy?"

"It's because we belong to the Happy Christmas Club" Maggie Sullivan answered. "We are all pledged to give as much happiness Christmas week as we can, to all the creatures we can."

"Oh, I wish I could help," cried Milly Tole. "Can't you think of anything at all I can do?"

Serious little Sara looked at a small white bunch of fur in the corner of the room. "If that's your little dog, you might make him a plaything out of any old piece of cloth and teach him how to play with it. He looks terribly sad for a little dog. Does he ever get outdoors?"

Mrs. Tole looked sorry and ashamed. "I'm to blame," she said. "Milly used to take him out and give him a run every day, but I'm so busy I neglect him, and he's pinin' to go out, I think."

"I'll take him out," Sara said, "and I think one of us girls can come in every day and give him a run until Milly is able to go out herself."

"I'd love to," said Maggie.

"So would I, and I," said the others in chorus.

Thus another kind deed was added to the long list that the Happy Christmas Club was responsible for.

The Christmas vacation was over. It was the first day in school, and among the children there seemed to be an unusual excitement. Just after recess, Miss Nelson said she had a very pleasant little story to tell. The school was so quiet you could have heard a pin drop.

"I have heard something," Miss Nelson said, "that has made me very happy,—happier than any Christmas present I ever got. I don't know when I have been so pleased. You remember the little talk on Christmas happiness that I gave to you before vacation. Today I find that because of that talk some of the girls, and boys too, in my class started a Club to make a happy Christmas, and I was greatly surprised and delighted to hear of what they have done.

"They fed the birds; they gave a good Christmas feast to homeless, hungry cats and dogs and to a hard worked and poorly fed horse. They carried much happiness to a shut-in child, thereby not only helping her, but her mother and her little dog.

"But this was not all. They do not know themselves how far the influence of their deeds extended, but I have been hearing every day of good results.

"The man whose horse they fed is taking much better care of him, now, for he has seen what a difference even a few days of good care made in the horse.

"The grocer began to think that he ought to do good to someone on Christmas, and he sent out baskets of groceries to a number of poor families in his neighborhood.

"The poor woman, whose little girl they helped, went to a feeble old woman on her street, who she knew was alone in the world and carried her a part of her Christmas dinner; also she fed two deserted and half-starved cats in the next back yard and took them in her house, where she will keep them until she can get an agent of the Animal Rescue League to come and take care of them.

"Best of all—the boys and the girls who formed the 'Happy Christmas Club' are going to keep up the good work, changing the name to the 'Kindness Club,' and have meetings all through the year.

"The Kindness Club is now open for members—I have the honor of being its president. We shall have meetings every two weeks. Who wants to join it? Don't join unless you mean to do something. Those who would like to be useful working members and try to make happiness, may rise."

Every child in the room got up.

"The Club is organized," said Miss Nelson, "and our first meeting will be here in the school-room next week Friday after school closes. A great author once wrote these words:

" 'How far this little candle throws its beam,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.' "

"We will have that for the subject of our next meeting."—A. H. S.

DON'T—Don't let your cat stay out at night;—not in summer, for she is likely to catch the birds in the early morning; not in winter, for she likes a warm bed; not at any time, for the sake of your neighbors as well as of your cat.

If you own a dog or a cat, study its needs. It needs affection; kind words, plenty of chances to exercise; regular meals; fresh water; in fact, it needs the same things you need yourself to make you happy.

Boys who trap, boys who hunt, boys who throw stones at any living creature, even a toad, are either thoughtless or cruel, or both. They are causing pain and suffering that they would not want to bear themselves.

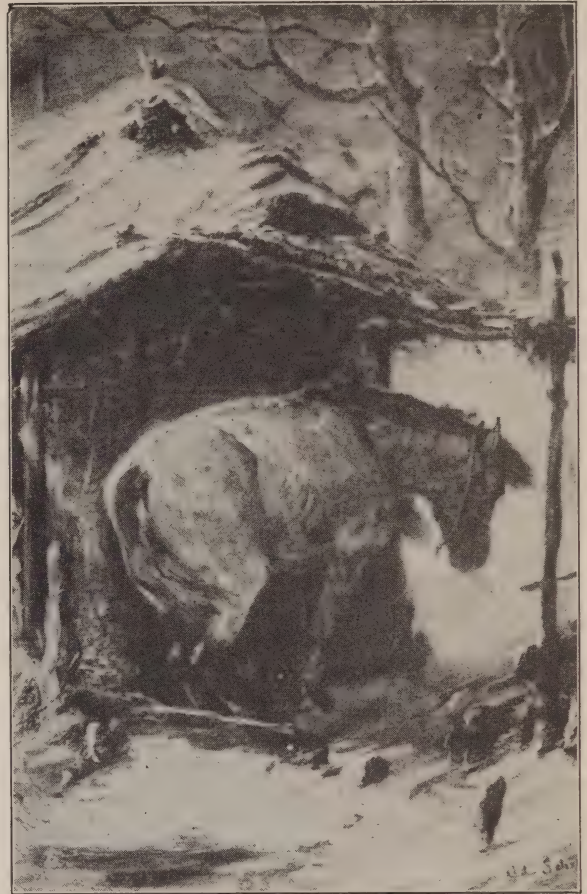
When you are going to do or say anything that may cause pain, stop a minute and think how you would like it done or said to you.

You will enjoy Christmas much better yourself if you try to make someone else happy—if it is only your cat.

Begin early to feed the birds and keep it up all winter. Who knows how many lives you can save by giving them the crumbs from your table.

If everyone who sees a stray dog or cat will take care of it until it can be sent to an Animal Shelter, much suffering of animals might be saved.

A merciful death is far better for animals than to live without kind care, regular food and shelter.



The Horses' Christmas

Our members and friends must not forget the Horses' Christmas. Every year for the last eleven years our agents have visited some of the poorer stables that we have become acquainted with, where poor men hire stalls and feed (or are supposed to feed) their horses themselves, and other livery stables where horses are let out by the day and often are very poorly cared for. Our agents know all these stables in the city and suburbs, probably between one or two hundred.

At Christmas time a special visit is made to these stables. Our cars have to begin their work the day before Christmas and are busy at work until noon Christmas Day. Besides visiting the stables, horses standing about on the streets or in the market places Christmas Eve are given a good supper.

Can you not spare a small sum to help give the horses a Happy Christmas?

The President of the League has been around herself several times with the men in her own car in order to be sure that this charitable enterprise is really of some use, and she has had every reason to believe that not only is it good for the horses to be given a good feed, but that the influence over the stable men and owners of the horses amounts to something. When we consider that so much money is spent in giving a Christmas dinner in the prisons and reformatories, and that all the criminals of the city and state share in it, it does not seem an unduly sentimental act to give a happy Christmas to a faithful horse.

We would be glad to have any amount of money, much or little, given us for the Christmas dinner for horses. Do not be afraid to send a donation even if it is only twenty-five cents, as every penny counts. Money or checks may be sent to the Animal Rescue League, 51 Carver Street, for this purpose. Checks should be made out to the Animal Rescue League.—A. H. S. (Mrs. Huntington Smith, President of the Animal Rescue League.)

Dear Madam: On September 19th I sent one of my horses out to your rest farm at Dedham. He had been used in a cab at the North Station during the summer and had worked hard and was a little thin. Some of the other cab drivers and men at the stable said it was a bad time to turn a horse out and that it would do him no good. In fact the driver who had been using the horse for the last three years thought it was poor judgment. However, on Wednesday of this week I went out to bring the horse in as I wanted to start him back to work and I was very much pleased at his condition. Yesterday the driver used him in the afternoon and when I saw him this morning he told me that the horse was like a new horse and had improved in every way, especially his feet and wind. I think the man in charge of Pine Ridge takes very good care of the horses and I could not be better pleased with mine. I want to thank you and the League for the good work you are doing. Yours truly,—Hugh P. Kelly.

This letter is a good illustration of the work done at our Home of Rest.



THE FOLLOWING VERSES WHICH WERE TAKEN FROM THE "OPEN DOOR" MR. AND MRS. NORTON OF LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, HAVE HAD PRINTED ON A BEAUTIFUL CARD UNDER THE ABOVE PICTURE IN MEMORY OF THEIR DOG NELA REXIA, WHO DIED MARCH 7, 1923

Waiting

*High up in the courts of heaven today
A little dog-angel waits;
With the other angels she will not play,
But she sits alone at the gates;
"For I know that my master will come," says she;
"And when he comes he will call for me."*

*She sees the spirits that pass him by
As they hasten toward the throne,
And she watches them with a wistful eye
As she sits at the gates alone.
"But I know if I just wait patiently
That some day my master will come," says she.*

*And her master, far on the earth below,
As he sits in his easy chair,
Forgets sometimes, and he whistles low
For the dog that is not there;
And the little dog-angel cocks her ears,
And dreams that her master's call she hears.*

*And I know, when at length her master waits
Outside in the dark and cold
For the hand of Death to open the gates
That lead to those courts of gold,
The little dog-angel's eager bark
Will comfort his soul in the shivering dark.*

—From *The Open Door*.

"Blessing the Beasts"

A quaint ceremony is that still obtaining in some parts of Normandy—the "benediction des bestiaux." The oxen, the asses and the draught horses are assembled in front of a church. There may also be a bullock or two, and perhaps some cows. The procession of peasants, clad in their very best, issues from the church to the sound of a chant that is droned by the priest. The venerable curé sprinkles a few drops of water on the heads of the beasts, and when all the animals have received the benediction the next feature of the ceremony is to place at the pedestal of the cross facing the church certain bundles tied in coarse linen. These bundles contain bread and salt, which are to be given to those beasts not able to attend the ceremony.

LEAGUE NEWS AND NOTES

It is interesting to note that the number of animals the League has taken care of during the summer and fall work, beginning the first of April and carrying it on to November first, is as follows: cats, 34,395; dogs, 4,297; horses, 367; smaller animals and birds, 273.

We found homes for 259 cats and 474 dogs. We could find many more homes than we do but we adhere to our first decision that death is far kinder to an animal than to place it in a home where it will be kept chained up or half fed, or treated without consideration. We would far rather have every dog and cat we receive put to death than to have them go out to suffer as so many of the animals we receive have suffered.

Homeless, starving, sick, and suffering not only with hunger but with cold, crawling into any hole they can find for shelter at night, how can life be desirable for such animals!

Neither do we believe in herding a lot of such animals together in order to prolong their lives. No dog or cat enjoys its life when kept in confinement even if there is a large yard for it to run in. All animals want entire freedom and we do not believe in homes for animals where large numbers are kept. We do not consider it humane.

A Valiant Protector

Sometimes strangers to our work ask us if we ever have any *good* dogs to place in homes.

How about Lassie, who was riding on the back seat of her master's car when he was attacked by a highwayman. The evening was dark; the road was dark and lonely, the doctor was on his way home, when a man jumped on the running board and demanded him to stop the car. But the would be robber was not counting on another occupant of the car and he did not see Lassie until she sprang, with a savage growl, from the back seat right into the robber's face and knocked him off the car.

As the doctor speeded up on his homeward way, he no doubt would have said that the Animal Rescue League had good dogs to place in homes and that Lassie was one of the best.—A. H. S.

Nov. 5, 1923.

Animal Rescue League, Boston, Mass.: May I call your attention to a moving picture which was shown at a Boston theatre last week?

On Oct. 29th I was present at the afternoon performance of the play and witnessed an extremely cruel scene which I feel should be brought to the attention of the proper authorities.

A captured wolf in a frenzy of fear or torture was plunging and pulling at a short chain fastened to a stone wall; finally after a horrible struggle which resembled a fit or convulsion, it succeeded in biting through the chain only to be met by the hero of the play who sprang on the wolf enveloping him with a blanket and after a fearful struggle about a dozen soldiers with spears arrived and put the animal to death.

Perhaps to the average person this may not sound as horrible as it was to witness but without doubt the wolf was in torture. Of course all this happened some time ago when the film was made and nothing can be done to help this particular case but my purpose in writing this is to do my "bit" in preventing this cruel and needless treatment of animals in the moving pictures to amuse or entertain an unthinking public. Very truly yours,—Agnes Winsor Williams (Mrs. Edward R. Williams, 18 Myrtle Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.).

THE IMPORTATION OF GERMAN POLICE DOGS
AN UNHAPPY COMPANY

A telephone message came from a Steamship Company saying that thirty-four police dogs had been brought over from Germany and that upon their arrival the man to whom they were consigned refused to pay the duty on them. The message said that the dogs were in crates out on the wharf, that there was no one to take care of them and they were being precariously fed and were really suffering. At the same time the Custom House had no right to dispose of them until word arrived from Washington. They therefore asked us if we would take them and care for them until it was decided what could be done about the matter. Of course we would not refuse to do this. Fortunately our new kennels were large enough to receive them.

The dogs arrived on Thursday afternoon, November 8, at about three o'clock in the afternoon. They had been over three weeks on the way, were kept some days in New York, and were at the wharf in Charlestown from Saturday, November 3, until Thursday, November 8. The crates were, of course, in terrible condition. The dogs were very dirty and thin, and two were dead. They were put into our kennels and ran about the yards with the greatest joy in spite of their wretched condition. It must have seemed like getting into a dog's paradise when they were taken out of the crates and given their freedom to run about the yard. At present writing, our kennel men are preparing a light warm supper for them and as they are so worn out with the long strain, we must be careful how we feed them. Two of the women on our staff have been down to look at them, and one of them said to me that she could not keep from crying when she saw the wretched condition they were in. It is no wonder they were in poor condition, the only wonder is that only two of them were dead.

This act of cruelty should be punished but we do not know where the fault lies or what can be done about them. At the present time we are making further inquiries.

[A week later.] The dogs improved wonderfully and were sold at a good price.

Dover, Mass., Oct. 30, 1923.

In answer to your card with reference to Dog Number 5262, which I received from your place, would say that the dog is more than satisfactory and to all appearances more contented than he had been for some time, and in perfect health as far as I know. He is very gentle and kind, a good watch dog, although quite sensitive. He is one of the family now and I do not think I could have picked out a better dog.

It pleases me to think that you have not forgotten him. I think he must have been abused at his last home. He and the cat are making friends fast and I think they will soon sleep together.

Thanking you for your interest.—C. E. G.

Watertown, Mass., Oct. 30, 1923.

In reply to your postal, I would say that our tiger kitten is very satisfactory. When he came, no one could pat him, and he would growl even when fed. He now spends every evening in the lap of one of us; is gentle, very affectionate, obeys well and in short, from a wild cat he has developed into a splendid house cat.—F. M. F.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 31, 1923.

Referring to your card of the 29th. The kitten we took from you September 17th, is perfectly at home with us, and is becoming fat and frisky, has developed into quite a mouser, and has contracted no disease or objectionable traits. We are very well satisfied with the little animal.—Oliver Ditson Company.

Medford, Mass., Oct. 16, 1923.

I am very much pleased with the dog Number 4488, I got on 8/14/23. He seemed to be lonesome at first, but is apparently very happy since getting acquainted. My young son enjoys him very much. The dog seems to be well trained, is kind, and everybody likes him.—B. E. T.

Waltham, Mass.

The Mongrel English Sheep Dog, taken Aug. 3rd is O. K. Would not part with him for \$1000. The family kitten goes to sleep on his back.—O. T. C.



They sit up and take notice when fed on
Old Grist Mill Dog Bread
IT IS BETTER THAN BEEF

Condition always good when
 fed on this bread.

Telephone Your Dealer

Potter & Wrightington, Boston



NEW
 in size and
 shape—but

Made according to the old SPRATT'S
 stamina-building Dog Cake formula,
 in a more convenient size and shape.
 All breeds and sizes like them. In-
 sist on the genuine SPRATT'S.

If your dealer cannot supply you,
 write for samples and send 2c for
 new pamphlet on feeding.

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 NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Spratt's
Ovals

Cemetery for Small Animals

at Pine Ridge, Dedham, Mass., under the management of
 the Animal Rescue League. The charge for privilege of burial
 in individual lots is from \$12 up, according to location.

CREMATION

The League now has a crematory where small animals
 can be cremated. The ashes are delivered to owners or buried
 at Pine Ridge. The charge for each cremation is \$6. Arrange-
 ments for burials or cremations must be made at the head-
 quarters of the Animal Rescue League, 51 Carver Street,
 Boston. Telephone Beach 9250.

FREE CLINIC FOR ALL ANIMALS

FRANK J. SULLIVAN, M. D. V.
F. HOLDEN SMITH, V. M. D.

ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE

51 CARVER
STREET

Telephone
Beach 9250

Office Hours:
9 a. m. to 6 p. m., daily

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Mrs. Nicholas Browne, Jr.

CROFT REGIS (Formerly The Park Pollard
 Experimental Farm)

Washington and Gay Streets, Islington

Cars Pass Door

Tel. Dedham 403-W

P. O. Address, Box 93, Dedham, Mass.

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 Painless and Sanitary Destruction of Animals*

Commended by the highest authorities. Now used by over thirty
 leading humane societies in this and foreign countries.
 For full particulars address

The Animal Rescue League

51 Carver Street

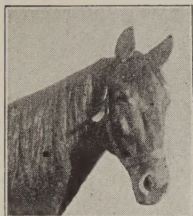
Boston, Mass.

The Animal Rescue League

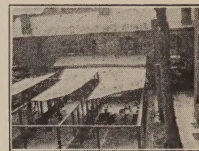
Organized February 9, 1899

[A wholly independent organization, having no connection with any other humane society in Massachusetts]

Incorporated March 13, 1899



Administration Building, Kennels, Infirmary,
Receiving Station and Crematory
for Small Animals
51 CARVER STREET, BOSTON



Branch Receiving Stations

ROXBURY	19 LAMBERT AVENUE
NORTH END, INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL	39 NORTH BENNET STREET
SOUTH END	109 NORTHAMPTON STREET
CAMBRIDGE, NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE	79 MOORE STREET
DEDHAM	PINE RIDGE HOME OF REST FOR HORSES
MEDFIELD	BARTLETT-ANGELL HOME FOR ANIMALS
EAST BOSTON	341a MERIDIAN STREET
WEST LYNN	4 NEPTUNE STREET

Animals received in 1922	56,500
Animals brought in by visitors	7,792
Copies of humane literature distributed	53,759



FIVE MOTOR COLLECTING VANS AND EIGHT AGENTS

are at work every week day collecting animals.

Number of calls made in 1922	31,036
Number of animals collected	47,955

A Free Clinic for Animals

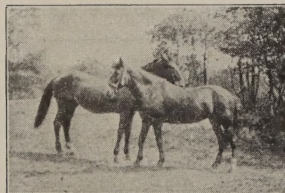
has been maintained for 21 years in charge of the League

Veterinarians

Dr. Frank J. Sullivan Dr. F. Holden Smith

Number of cases of small animals treated in 1922	18,750
Number of peddlers' and cabmen's horses treated, 1922	500
Number of horses humanely killed, 1922	713
Number of horses given vacations	40

PINE RIDGE COUNTRY ANNEX AND HOME OF REST FOR HORSES 238 Pine Street, Dedham



A farm of twenty-one acres, where horses belonging to owners who cannot afford to pay for board and care, are given vacations of from two to six weeks and restored to condition for work, or humanely killed, also a few boarders received.

PINE RIDGE CEMETERY FOR SMALL ANIMALS 238 Pine Street, Dedham

Arrangements made for burials at 51 Carver Street



For maintaining this work which is constantly increasing, and extends over a wide area into suburban towns and cities, the League, knowing it is a great public benefit from a sanitary as well as humane point of view, appeals for gifts, bequests and members, which are greatly needed.

The Animal Rescue League 51 Carver Street, Boston

MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH, *President*

MRS. ARTHUR T. CABOT, *Secretary*

MR. FREDERICK J. BRADLEE, *Treasurer*